

January 16. '96
Evening.

My Own Dear One,

Your Monday
night letter received - this
morning; You must not
try to write, dear, when
you are so very tired. I
would far rather you
put your strength into
sleeping, or rather replen-
ished it from that source.

I could just see your
tired tired face, behind
every word in that letter.

Don't ever let your
writing to me, be a burden

but only a joyous
recreation, my Smithson

I had a very
pleasant visit today
from a Mrs Norvell,
a society lady, to whom
my cousin Mrs Darby
Randall, (the one who is
in Germany) gave me
a letter of introduction

I have now arranged
to take dinners in the
middle of the day and
have my breakfasts and
teas in my own room.

So tonight we had a

tea party - just you and I. —

I leaned you up against the sugar bowl and tried to get up a conversation but some how you were not in a talkative mood and persisted in looking off at a distance as though you did not see me; this was aggravating but I got even with you by eating up all the apples and keeping all the brown bread on my side of the table where you couldn't reach.

I am fortively getting
into my second child-
hood - Natalie and I
have such romps, she
is a most lovely girl, and
just brim full of frascality.

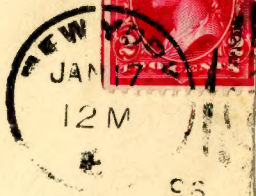
Friday Morning.

Darrel Your
bright fresh lines brought
after just received this
morning. You see I never
forgot you were on Mon-
night. The eyes of love can
see a thousand miles
distinctly. I am just
cushieing for my Friday
morning kiss - so
"and wieder sehen" Will
write you later, darling
Always faithful & true
Your Grace



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